
Title: Juo'nar's Entrance II

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“The troops were kidding
around and a group of
warriors were amusing
the troops by pretending
to be orcs when
something started
happening to the rear of
the formation. I could

barely see a large green
figure on the bridge
behind. I started to call
out a warning when the
crash of a flamestrike
claimed the first
defender. The defenders
held their ground for a
short time and it seemed
that all was well when
the Dark Knights showed
up. Ebony boned skeletons
appeared and slowly
started working their way
through the defenders. I
sent glances over my
shoulder now and again
but I had nothing to
worry about, it was those
inside that needed to
fear. The minutes passed
as I looked on in helpless
frustration as the
defenders fell, one by
one. I especially kept an
eye on my companion
Nova. He had taken
refuge behind a hard core
of maroon liveried
warriors who were holding
steadfastly against all
comers. He looked back
and I saw a gleam in his
eye. Slowly he inched his
horse around the maroon
core and raised his silver
crossbow and took aim.
His arrow took flight and
lodged itself in Juo' nar,

who took no notice of
the futile blow. His
bodyguard of Dark
Knights on the other
hand noticed and one of
then singled Nova out. I
shouted warning and he
goaded his horse into a
gallop but it was to no
avail. I watched in horror
as the abomination cut
my friend off his horse,
then casually cut the
horses throat. "When I
was finally able to tear
my eyes off my friend's
corpse I looked back and
found the main gate
empty of life, but not
unlife. The undead roamed
from the area looking for
fresh targets trampling
the dead without thought.
I glanced over my
shoulder to find a small
group of warriors also
standing outside the gates
looking in, horror and
fear clouding their eyes.
As I studied their faces
behind them I saw a
moongate form. Praying
that it would lead me to
glory and revenge for my
fallen friend I threw
myself into it and landed
in chaos. I appeared to
the south of the bank
where a small core of
defenders was fending off
the fringes of the undead
horde. We formed up and
I don't know how many of
creatures I slew. At one
point I caught a glimpse
of turquoise out of the
corner of my eye and
there was Nova, raised
from the dead by
powerful magic. I ran to
his side and together we
moved here and there
clearing lesser undead
from the area, allowing
the Grandmasters to take
on the most powerful of
undead unhindered. I seems
like it was a lifetime but

it could have only been a
10 minutes later when
Juo' nar and his retinue
took notice of this core
of resisters. As I was
cutting down a lich I saw
a group of black clad
warriors single out one
of the Dark Knights that
seemed particularly
damaged and they
proceeded to end it, but
not without cost. When
the creature fell and the
area cleared many black
clad warriors lied broken
alongside the dead Dark
Knight. I headed over to
look when I heard fighting
in the building next to
the bank. I turned to
look only to see not ten
feet from me the green
form of Juo' nar turning
around to head out of
the building, right toward
me! With a motion bred
out of long instinct I
jumped to the side and
hid. I crouched behind a
light pole and without
breathing I looked on in
horror as he stopped and
looked around, laughing
with glee at the carnage
surrounding him. His guard
was swarming around
clearing the area of
defenders. When he finally
moved off I leapt from
my hiding place and ran
into the building. Big
mistake. I ran into the
building looking back over
my shoulder only to run
straight up onto the
sword of one of the
Dark Knights. My life was
over. I was a ghost. I
knew that I had to find
a healer or a powerful
mage that could bring me
back to fight so I headed
out into the courtyard.
There was nothing moving.
Not undead, not
defenders, nothing. The
horde had killed everyone

and moved on, leaving
bloody wreckage behind.
Eventually in my wandering
I came across a small
core of fighters fending
off a small group of
undead. I went into the
building they were
defending and found ten
or twelve ghosts hovering
near a group of healers.
Those healers may not
have fought as valiantly
as the armored warriors
defending the main gates,
but in my humble opinion
they proved more valuable
to the defense of the
city than any other
group. You returned me
to life and I thank all of
you heartily. Thank you!

“There was more that
happened but it was all a
blur. I eventually met up
with Nova and after many
hours of bloody fighting
we returned to Vesper to
rest and recover. It was
then, as I bound my
wounds and tried to get
my mangled close helm
off my head, that I
began to think about how
the recent events that
have occurred affect us
all. For every
Grandmaster Warrior or
Mage there are hundreds,
if not thousands, of
fighters, alchemists,
scholars and others just
like me who may not fully
understand what is going
on in the grand world
around them but have to
live, and persevere,
through the trouble that
has been inflicted on our
fair land. It is not
enough to just hold the
city of Trinsic. It is
not enough to fight off
the ravaging hordes of
trolls attacking Vesper.
None of these things will
fix what is broken. What

we see here is only the
effects of something
deeper, and I believe more
insidious. If we hope to
return Britannia's cities
to the safe havens they
once were we must go
deeper. We must
determine why and how
these attacks are coming
to be and most of all
who is behind it. If we
fail this then all shall
fall, not just the weak
or the unwary, but all.
May your will stay strong
against all worthy foes.